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A N

H Y M N

T O T H E

Nymph of BRISTOL Spring.

By Mr. W. WHITEHEAD. *k*

*Hinc atq; hinc vastæ rupes, geminiq; minantur
In cælum scopuli; tum sylvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentiq; atrum Nemus imminet umbra.
Intus Aquæ dulces, vivoq; sedilia saxo*

NYPHARUM domus !-----

VIRG.



LONDON: Printed for R. DODSLEY in Pall-mall;
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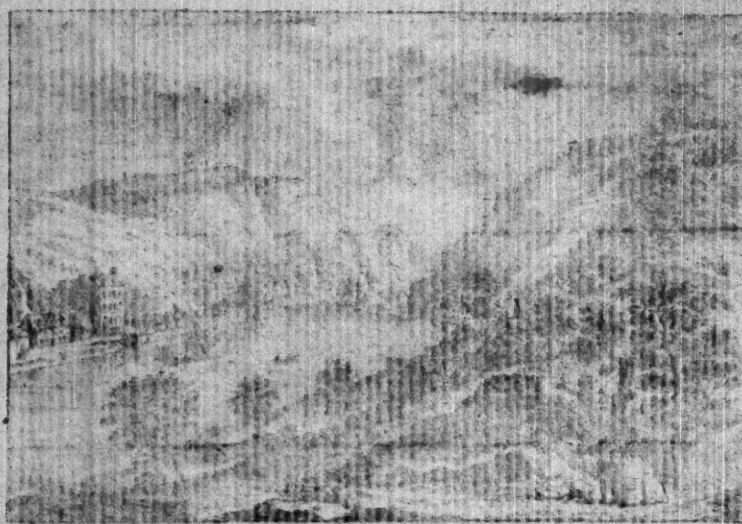
HYMN

TO THE

Nymph of Bristol Spring.

By Mr. W. WHITEHEAD.

Nympharum domus! ----
 Intus Adus dulces, vinos; festiva laxo
 Desuper, horrentis; citius, thymus immixtus, ambræ.
 In coquina festuli; tum, sicut, levis, coarctis
 Hinc atq; hinc, vasis, cupes, geminis; minutiss.



And sold by M. Co. 10, Tottenham Court Road, M DCCC LII.
 LONDON: R. Dodsley in Pall-mall;



A N

H Y M N, &c.

NYMPH of the Fount! from whose auspicious Urn
 Flows health, flows strength, and Beauty's roseate
 Which warms the virgin's cheek, thy gifts I sing! (bloom,

Whether inclining from thy rocky couch

5 Thou hear'st attentive, or with Sister-nymphs
 Fast by *Sabrina's* hoarse-resounding stream,
 Thou cull'st fresh flowers, regardless of my song.

Avonia hear'st thou, from the neighbouring stream
 So call'd; or *Bristoduna*; or the fount
 10 Well-known, *Vincentia*? Since from thy rock
 The Hermit pour'd his Orisons of old,
 And dying, to thy fount bequeath'd his Name.

Whate'er thy title, Thee the azure God
 Of Ocean erst beheld, and to the shore
 15 Fast flew his pearly Car; th' obsequious winds
 Drop'd their light pinions, and no sounds were heard
 In Earth, Air, Sea, but murmuring sighs of Love.
 He left thee then; yet not, penurious, left
 Without a boon the violated maid;

But,

Line 10. *Vincentia*.] The spring at *Bristol* is usually called *St. Vincent's Well*, and the rocks near it *St. Vincent's Rocks*, on a fabulous tradition that that saint resided there.

But, grateful to thy worth, with bounteous hand
 Gave thee to pour the salutary rill,
 And pay this precious tribute to the Main :
 And still he visits, faithful to his flame,
 Thy moist abode, and each returning tide
 25 Mingles his wave with thine ; hence brackish oft
 And foul, we fly th' adulterated draught
 And scorn the proffer'd bev'rage ; thoughtless we
 That then thy Naid's hymenæals chaunt,
 And rocks re-eccho to the Triton's shell.

 30 Love warm'd thy breast ; to love thy waters pay
 A kind regard : and thence the pallid Maid
 Who pines in fancy for some fav'rite Youth
 Drinks in new lustre, and with surer aim
 Darts more enliven'd glances. Thence the Boy,
 35 Who mourns in secret the polluted charms

Line 23. *And still he visits, &c.* The high tides in the *Avon* generally foul
 the spring in such a manner as to make the waters improper to be drank till
 some hours afterwards.

Of *Lais* or *Corinna*, grateful feels
Health's warm return, and pants for purer joys.

Nor Youth alone thy power indulgent owns,
Age shares thy Blessings, and the tott'ring frame
40 By thee supported: not, *Tithonus*-like,
To linger in decay, and daily feel
A death in every pain; such cruel aids,
Unknown to Nature, Art alone can lend:
But taught by Thee Life's latter fruits enjoy
45 A warmer winter, and at last fall off
Shook by no boist'rous, or untimely blasts.

But why on single objects dwells my Song?
Wide as the neighb'ring Sons of Commerce waft
Their unexhausted Stores, to every Clime
50 On every wind up-born thy triumphs spread!
Thee the glad Merchant hails, whom choice or fate
Leads to some distant home, where *Sirius* reigns,
And the blood boils with many a fell disease

Which

Which *Albion* knows not. Thee the fable Wretch,
 55 To ease whose burning Entrails swells in vain
 The Citron's dewy moisture, thee he hails;
 And oft from some steep Cliff at early dawn
 In Seas, in Winds, or the vast Void of Heaven
 Thy Power unknown adores; or ranks, perhaps,
 o Amid his fabled Gods *Avonia's* name.

Scared at thy presence start the train of Death,
 And hide their whips and scorpions. Thee confus'd
 Slow Febris creeps from; thee the meagre Fiend
 Consumption flies, and checks his rattling Coughs.
 65 But chief the dread Disease, whose wat'ry power,
 Curb'd by thy wave refringent, knows it's bounds,
 And feels a firmer Barrier. Ocean thus
 Once flow'd, they say, impetuous; 'till restrain'd
 By force almighty streams were taught to flow

70 In narrower channels, and once more relieve
The thirsty hind, and wash the fruitful vale.

What shrieks, what groans torment the lab'ring Air,
And pierce th' astonish'd hearer? ah, behold
Yon agonizing Wretch, that pants and writhes,
75 Rack'd with the Stone, and calls on thee for ease!
Nor calls he long in vain; the balmy draught
Has done its office, and resign'd and calm
The poor pale sufferer sinks to sweet repose.
O could thy lenient wave thus charm to peace

80 That fiercer fiend Ill-nature; *Argus*-like,
Whose eyes still open watch th' unwary steps
Which tread thy Margin, and whose subtle brain
To real mischief turns ideal ills.
But not thy stream nectareous, nor the smiles

85 Of rosy-dimpled innocence can charm

That

That Monster's rage : dark, dark as midnight damps
 And ten times deadlier, steals along unseen
 Her blasting venom, and devours at once
 Fair Virtue's growth, and Beauty's blooming spring.

90 But turn we from the fight, and dive beneath
 Thy darksome Caverns ; or unwearied climb
 Thy tow'ring Mountains, studious to explore
 The latent seeds and magazines of Health.

“ Ye Rocks that round me rise, ye pendant Woods
 95 High-waving to the breeze, ye gliding streams
 That steal in silence thro' the mossy clefts
 Unnumber'd, tell me in what secret Vale
Hygeia shuns the day ?—O, often seen
 In dreams poetic, pour thy radiant form
 100 Full on my Sight, and bless my waking sense !—

But not to me such visions, not to me;
 No son of *Pæon* I, like that sweet Bard
 Who sung her charms profest; or him, whose Muse
 Now builds the lofty Rhime, and nobly wild
 105 Crops each unfading flower from *Pindar*'s brow,
 To form fresh garlands for the Naiad train.

Yet will I view her still, however coy,
 In dreams poetic; see her to the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies harmonious lead
 110 Her sportive Sister-Graces, *Mirth* serene,
 And *Peace*, sweet Inmate of the sylvan shade.

These

Line 103. *Who sung her charms profest.*] Dr. *Armstrong*, Author of that elegant didactic Poem, called the *Art of preserving health*.

Line *ibid.* Or *him whose Muse.*] Alluding to a manuscript Poem of Dr. *Akenfide*'s, written in the spirit and manner of the Ancients, called, *An Hymn to the Water Nymphs*.

These are thy handmaids, Goddess of the Fount,
 And these thy Offspring. Oft have I beheld
 Their airy revels on the verdant steep
 115 Of *Avon*, clear as Fancy's Eye could paint
 What time the dewy Star of Eve invites
 To lonely musing, by the wave-worn beach,
 Along th' extended mead. Nor less intent
 Their fairy forms I view, when from the height
 120 Of *Clifton*, towering Mount, th' enraptur'd Eye
 Beholds the cultivated Prospect rise
 Hill above Hill, with many a verdant bound
 Of Hedge-row chequer'd. Now on painted Clouds
 Sportive they roll, or down yon winding Stream
 125 Give their light Mantles to the wafting Wind,
 And join the Sea-green Sisters of the Flood.

Happy

Happy the Man whom these amusive walks,
 These waking dreams delight! no cares molest
 His vacant bosom; Solitude itself
 130 But opens to his keener view new worlds,
 Worlds of his own: from every genuine scene
 Of Nature's varying hand his active Mind
 Takes fire at once, and his full Soul o'erflows
 With heaven's own bounteous joy; He too creates,
 135 And with new Beings peoples Earth and Air,
 And Ocean's deep Domain. The Bards of old,
 The godlike *Grecian* Bards, from such fair founts
 Drank inspiration. Hence on airy Cliffs
 Light Satyrs danc'd, along the woodland shade
 140 *Pan's* mystic pipe resounded, and each rill
 Consecrated its tutelary Power, like thine.

But

But not like thine, bright Deity, their urns
 Pour'd Health's rare treasures; on their grassy fides
 The panting Swain reclin'd with his tir'd flock
 145 At sultry noon-tide, or at evening led
 His unyok'd heifers to the common stream.

Yet some there have been, and there are, like thee
 Profuse of liquid balm; from the fair train
 Of eldest *Tadmor*, where the sapient King
 150 For the faint Traveller, and diseas'd, confin'd
 To salutary baths the fugitive Stream.
 And still, tho' now perhaps their Power unknown,
 Unsought, the solitary Waters creep

Amid

Line 149. *Eldest Tadmor.*] *Tadmor* in the wilderness, built by King *Solomon*, celebrated for its Baths.

Amid *Palmyra's* ruins, and bewail

155 To rocks, and desert caves, the mighty loss

Of two imperial cities! so may sink

Yon cloud-envelop'd towers, and times to come

Enquire where *Avon* flow'd, and the proud Mart

Of *Bristol* rose. Nay, *Severn's* self may fail

160 With all that waste of Waters : and the Swain

From the tall summit, (whence we now survey

The anchoring Bark, and see with every tide

Pass and re-pass the wealth of either World,) 150

May hail the softer Scene, where groves aspire,

And

Line 154. *Palmyra's ruins.*] *Palmyra* is generally allowed to have stood on the same spot of ground as *Tadmor*. See the *Universal History*, Vol. 2. Oct. Edit. where is a Print representing the ruins of that City.

Line 161. *Whence we now survey* —] See the picture at the beginning of the Poem ; in which is represented a view of the River *Avon*, with the *Severn* and *Welsh* hills at a distance.

165 And bosom'd villages, and golden fields

Unite the *Cambrian* to the *English* Shore.

Why should I mention many a fabled fount

By Bards recorded, or Historians old ;

Whether they water'd *Asia's* fertile Plains

170 With soft *Callirhoe* ; or to letter'd *Greece*

Or warlike *Latium* lent their kindly Aid ?

Nor ye of modern fame, whose rills descend

From *Alps* and *Appennines*, or grateful lave

Germania's haras'd realms, expect my Verse

175 Should chaunt your praise, and dwell on foreign themes ;

When chief o'er *Albion* have the healing Powers

C

Shed

Line 170. *With soft Callirhoe.*] A fountain in *Judea* beyond *Jordan*, which empties itself into the lake *Asphaltes*. Its waters were not only medicinal, but remarkably soft and agreeable to the taste. *Herod* the great made use of them in his last dreadful distemper. *Josephus*, l. 17. c. 8.

Shed wide their influence : from a thousand rocks
 Health gushes, thro' a thousand vales it flows.
 Spontaneous. Scarce can Luxury produce
 180 More pale diseases than her streams relieve.

Witness, *Avonia*, the unnumber'd tongues

Which hail thy † Sister's name ! on the same banks

† Bath.

Your Fountains rise, to the same stream they flow.

See in what myriads to her watry shrine

185 The various Votaries press ! They drink, They live !

Not more exulting crouds in the full height

Of *Roman* Luxury proud *Baïæ* knew ;

Ere *Musa's* fatal Skill, fatal to *Rome*.

Defam'd

Line 188. *Musa's fatal skill.*] *Antonius Musa*, Physician to *Augustus Caesar*, was the first who brought cold bathing into great repute at *Rome*. But the same prescription which had saved *Augustus*, unhappily killed *Marcellus*. *Horace* describes the inhabitants of *Baïæ* as very uneasy at this new method of proceeding in phyfic.

Mibi

Defam'd the tepid Wave, Nor round thy shades,
 190 *Clitumnus*, more recording Trophies hung.

O for a *Shakespear's* pencil, while I trace
 In Nature's breathing paint, the dreary waste
 Of *Buxton*, dropping with incessant rains
 Cold, and ungenial; or it's sweet reverse
 195 Enchanting *Mutlock*, from whose rocks like thine

C 2

Romantic

Mibi Baias

*Musa supervacuas Antonius, et tamen illis
 Me facit invisum gelidâ dum perluor undâ
 Per medium frigus. Sanè myrteta relinqui
 Diſtaq; ceſſantem nervis elidere morbum
 Sulfura contemni Vicus gemit; invidus ægris
 Qui caput aut ſtomachum ſupponere fontibus audent, &c.*

Line 189. ——— Round thy shades,
Clitumnus. ———]

See a beautiful description of the source of this River in *Pliny's Epistles*, Ep. 8. Book 8. where he mentions it as a custom for persons to leave Inscriptions, &c. as testimonies of their being cured there; something in the manner of the Crutches at *Bath*.

Romantic foliage hangs, and rills descend

And Echoes murmur. *Derwent*, as he pours

His oft obstructed stream down rough cascades

And broken precipices, views with awe,

200 With rapture, the fair scene his Waters form.

Nor yet has Nature to one spot confin'd

Her frugal Blessings. Many a different Site

And different Air, to suit Man's varying frame

The same relief extends. Thus *Cheltenham* sinks

205 Rural and calm amid the flowery vale,

Pleas'd with it's pastoral Scenes; while *Scarbro'* lifts

It's towering summits to th' aspiring Clouds,

And sees th' unbounded Ocean roll beneath.

Avonia frowns! and justly may'st thou frown

210 O Goddess, on the Bard, th' injurious Bard

Who

Who leaves thy pictur'd scenes; and idly roves
 For foreign Beauty to adorn his Song.

Thine is All Beauty; every site is thine.

Thine the sweet vale, and verdure-crowned Mead
 215 Slow rising from the Plain, which *Cheltenham* boasts.

Thine *Scarbro's* Clifts; and thine the russet heaths
 Of sandy *Tunbridge*; o'er thy spacious Downs

Stray wide the nibbling flocks; the Hunter train
 May range thy forests; and the Muse-led Youth

220 Who loves the devious walk, and simple scene,

May in thy *Kingswood* view the scatter'd Cots,
 And the green Wilds of *Dulwich*. Does the Sun,

Does the free Air delight? lo! *Clifton* stands

Courted by every breeze; and every Sun

225 There sheds a kinder ray; whether he rides

In southern skies sublime, or mildly pours

O'er *Bristol's* red'ning towers his orient beam,

Or gilds at Eve the shrub-clad rocks of *Ley*;

Beneath thy Mountains open to the South

230 Pale Sickneſs ſits, and drinks th' enlivening day ;

Nor fears th' innumerable pangs that pierce

In keener anguiſh from the north, or load

The flagging pinions of the peeviſh Eaſt.

Secure ſhe ſits, and from thy ſacred Urn

235 Implores, and finds relief. The ſlacken'd nerves

Reſume their wonted tone, of every wind

And every ſeaſon patient. Jocund Health

Blooms on the cheek ; and careleſs Youth returns

(As fortune wills) to pleaſure or to toil.

240 Yet think not, Goddeſs, that the Muſe aſcribes

To thee unfailing Strength, of force to wreſt

Th' uplifted bolts of fate ; to *Jove* alone

Belongs that high Pre-eminence. Full oft,

This

This feeling heart can witness, have I heard
 245 Along thy shores the piercing Cries resound
 Of Widows and of Orphans. Oft beheld
 The solemn funeral pomp, and decent rites,
 Which human Vanity receives and pays
 When dust returns to dust. Where Nature fails
 250 There too thy power must fail; or only lend
 A momentary aid to soften pain,
 And from the King of terrors steal his frowns:
 Nor yet for Waters only art thou fam'd,
Avonia; deep within thy cavern'd rocks
 255 Do Diamonds lurk, which mimic those of *Ind*.
 Some to the curious Searcher's Eye betray
 Their varying hues amid the mossy clefts
 Faint-glimmering; others in the solid Stone

Lie

Lie quite obscur'd; and wait the patient hand
 260 Of Art, or quick explosion's fiercer breath,
 To wake their latent glories into day.
 With these the *British* Fair, ere Traffic's Power
 Had made the Wealth of other Worlds our own,
 Would deck their auburn tresses, or confine
 265 The snowy roundness of their polish'd arm.
 With these the little Tyrants of the Isle,
 Monarchs of Counties, or of clay-built Towns
 Sole Potentates, would bind their haughty brows,
 And awe the gazing Croud. Say, Goddess, say,
 270 Shall, studious of thy praise, the Muse declare
 When first their lustre rose, and what kind Power
 Unveil'd their hidden charms? The Muse alone
 Can call back time, and from Oblivion save
 The once-known tale, of which Tradition's self
 275 Has lost the faintest Memory. 'Twas ere

The

The titles proud of Knight or Baron bold
 Were known in *Albion*; long ere *Cæsar's* Arms
 Had tried its prowess, and been taught to yield.
 Westward a mile from yon aspiring shrubs
 280 Which front thy hallow'd Fount, and shagg with thorns
 The adverse side of *Avon*, dwelt a Swain.
 One only Daughter blest'd his nuptial bed.
 Fair was the Maid; but wherefore said I fair,
 For many a Maid is fair, but *Leya's* form
 285 Was Beauty's self, where each united charm
 Ennobled each, and added grace to all.
 Yet cold as mountain snows her tim'rous heart
 Rejects the voice of Love. In vain the Sire
 With prayers, with mingled tears, demanded oft
 290 The name of Grandfire, and a prattling race
 To cheer his drooping Age. In vain the Youths
 To *Leya's* fav'rite Name in every dale

Attun'd their rustic pipes, to *Leya's* ear
 Music was discord when it talk'd of Love.
 295 And shall such Beauty, and such Power to bless,
 Sink useless to the Grave? forbid it Love
 Forbid it, Vanity! Ye mighty two
 Who share the female breast! The last prevails.
 "Whatever Youth shall bring the noblest Prize
 300 "May claim her conquer'd heart!" The day was fix'd,
 And forth from Villages, and turf-built Cots,
 In crowds the Suitors came: From *Ashton's* vale,
 From *Pil*, from *Porshut*, and the Town whose tower
 Now stands a sea-mark to the Pilot's ken.
 305 Nor were there wanting *Clifton's* love-sick sons
 To swell th' enamour'd train. But most in thought
 Yielded to *Cadwal's* Heir, proud Lord of *Stoke*;
 Whose wide dominions spread o'er velvet lawns
 And gently-swelling hills, and tufted groves,

310 Full many a mile. For there, ev'n then, the scene
 We now behold to such perfection wrought,
 Charm'd with untutor'd wildness, and but ask'd
 A Master's hand to tame it into grace.

Against such Rivals, prodigal of wealth,

315 To venal Beauty off'ring all their Stores,
 What Arts shall *Thenot* use, who long has lov'd,
 And long, too long despair'd? Amid thy rocks
 Nightly he wanders, to the silent Moon
 And starry host of heaven he tells his pain.

320 But chief to thee, to thee his fond complaints
 At Morn, at Eve, and in the Midnight hour
 Frequent he pours. No wealth paternal blest
 His humbler birth; no fields of waving gold
 Or flowering orchards, no wide-wandering herds

325 Or bleating firflings of the flock were his

To tempt the wary Maid. Yet could his pipe
 Make Echoes listen, and his flowing tongue
 Could chaunt soft ditties in so sweet a strain,
 They charm'd with native Music all but her.

330 Oft had'st thou heard him, Goddess; oft resolv'd
 To succour his distress. When now the day
 The fatal day drew near, and Love's last hope
 Hung on a few short moments. Ocean's God
 Was with thee, and observ'd thy anxious thought.

335 And what, he cry'd, can make *Avonia's* face
 Wear ought but smiles? What jealous doubts perplex
 My Fair, my best-belov'd? No jealous doubts,
 Thou answer'd'st mild, and on his breast reclin'd
 Thy blushing cheek, perplex *Avonia's* breast;

340 A cruel Fair One flies the voice of Love,
 And gifts alone can win her. Mighty Power,

O bid

O bid thy Tritons ranfack Ocean's wealth,
 The coral's living branch, the lucid pearl,
 And every ſhell where mingling lights and ſhades
 345 Play happieſt. O if ever to thy breaſt
 My Artful coynefs gave a moment's pain,
 Learn from that pain to pity thoſe that love.
 The God return'd : Can his *Avonia* aſk
 What *Neptune* would reſuſe ? Beauty like thine
 350 Might taſk his utmoſt labors. But behold
 How needleſs now his treaſures ! What thou ſeek'ſt
 Is near thee ; in the boſom of thy rocks
 Myriads of glittering gems, of power to charm
 More wary eyes than *Leya's*, lurk unſeen.
 355 From theſe ſelect thy ſtore. He ſpake, and rais'd
 The maſſy trident ; at whoſe ſtroke the Womb
 Of Earth gave up it's treaſures. Ready Nymphs
 Receiv'd

Receiv'd the bursting gems, and Tritons lent

A happier polish to th' encrusted stone.

360 Scarce had they finish'd, when the plaintive strains
Of *Thenot* reach'd thy Ears. Approach, approach,
The Trident-bearer cried, and at his voice
The rocks divided, and the awe-struck Youth
(Like *Aristeus* thro' the parting wave)

365 Descended trembling. But what words can paint
His Joy, his Rapture, when, surprize at length
Yielding to Love, he grasp'd the fated Gems
And knew their wond'rous import. O! he cried,
Dismiss me, gracious Powers; ere this, perhaps,
370 Young *Cadwal* clasps her charms, ere this the Wealth
Of *Madoc* has prevail'd!--Go, Youth, and know
Success attends thy enterprize, and Time

Shall

Shall make thee wealthier than the proudest Swain
 Whose rivalship thou fear'st ; go, and be blest.
 375 Yet let not gratitude be lost in joy ;
 But when thy wide possessions shall extend
 Farm beyond Farm, remember whence they rose,
 And grace thy village with *Avonia's* Name.

How shall the blushing Muse pursue the tale
 380 Impartial, and record th' ungrateful Crime
 Of *Thenot* love-deluded ? When success
 Had crown'd his fierce desires, (awhile he paid
 Due honors at thy shrine, and strew'd with flowers
 Jasmin and rose, and Iris many-hued,
 385 Thy rocky margin. 'Till at length intent
 On *Leya's* charms alone, of ought beside
 Careless he grew ; and scarcely now his hymns

Of praise were heard ; if heard, they fondly mix'd
 His *Leya's* praise with thine ; or only seem'd
 390 The dying Ecchoes of his former strains.
 Nor did he (how wilt thou excuse, O Love,
 Thy Traitor?) when his wide possessions spread
 Farm beyond Farm, remember whence they rose,
 Or grace his Village with *Avonia's* Name.
 395 But on a festal day, amid the shouts
 Of ecchoing shepherds, to the rising town,
 Be *Leya* nam'd, he cried : and still unchang'd
 (Indelible disgrace!) the Name remains.

'Twas then, *Avonia*, negligent of all
 400 His former injuries, thy heav'nly breast

Felt

L. 388. *The name remains.*] *Ley*, a small village on the opposite side of the *Avon*, mentioned before, v. 228.

Felt real rage ; and thrice thy Arm was rais'd
 For speedy vengeance ; thrice the azure God
 Restrain'd its force, or ere th' uplifted rocks
 Descending had o'erwhelm'd the fated Town.
 405 And thus he sooth'd thee, " Let not rage transport
 My injur'd Fair-one ; Love was all his crime,
 Refistless Love. Yet sure Revenge awaits
 Thy utmost wishes ; never shall his Town,
 Which had thy title grac'd it had aspir'd
 410 To the first Naval Honours, and look'd down
 On *Carthage* and the Ports which grace my own
Phœnicia, never shall it rise beyond
 That humble village thou behold'st it now.
 And soon transported to the *British* Coast
 415 From farthest *India* Vessels shall arrive
 Full fraught with gems, Myself will speed the sails,
 And all th' imaginary wealth he boasts

edT

E

Shall

Shall sink neglected: Rustics shall deride
 His Diamond's mimic blaze. Nor thou regret
 420 Their perish'd splendor; on a firmer base
 Thy Glory rests, reject a spurious praise,
 And to thy Waters only trust for fame."

And what of fame, O Goddess, canst thou ask
 Beyond thy Waters, ever-streaming source
 425 Of health to thousands? Myriads yet unborn
 Shall hail thy soft ring wave: perchance to Thee
 Shall owe their first Existence. For if Fame
 Relate not fabling, the warm genial breath
 Of Nature, which calls forth the bursting forms
 430 Through wide Creation, and with various life
 Fills every teeming Element, amid
 Thy stream delighted revels, with increase
 Blessing the nuptial bed. Suppliant to thee

The pensive Matron bends ; without thy aid
 435 Expiring Families had ask'd in vain
 The long-expected Heir ; and States perhaps,
 Which now stand foremost in the lists of Fame,
 Had sunk unnerv'd, inglorious, the vile Slaves
 Of Sloth, and crouch'd beneath a Master's frown,
 440 Had not thy breath awak'd some chosen Soul,
 Some finer Æther, scarce ally'd to Clay,
 Heroe to act, or Poet to record.

O if to *Albion*, to my native Land,
 Of all that glorious that immortal Train
 445 Which swells her Annals, Thy prolific Stream
 Has given One Bard, One Heroe, may nor Storms
 Nor Earthquakes shake thy Mansion ; may the Sweep
 The silent Sweep of slow-devouring Time
 Steal o'er thy rocks unfelt, and only bear
 450 To future Worlds thy virtues, and thy praise.

Stilly, still, *Avonia*, o'er thy *Albion* shed
 Benignest influence; nor to her alone
 Confine thy partial boon. The Lamp of day,
 God of the lower world, was meant to all
 455 A common Parent. Still to every Realm
 Send forth thy blessings; for to every Realm,
 Such its peculiar Excellence, thy Wave
 May pass untainted; Seasons, Climates, spare
 Its virtues, and the power which conquers all,
 460 Innate corruption, never mixes there.

And might I ask a boon, in whispers ask
 One partial favour; Goddess, from the power
 Of Verse, and Arts *Pæonian*, gracious Thou
 Intreat this One. Let other Poets share
 465 His noisy honors, rapid let them roll
 As neighb'ring *Severn*, while the voice of Fame
 Re-ecchoes to their numbers, but let mine

My

My humbler weaker Verse, from scantier rills
 Diffusing wholesome draughts, unheard, unseen,
 470 Glide gently on, and imitate thy Spring.
 11: 7: 49

The E N D.



My father's name was John
Duffing who lived in the
Duffing household and was
born in the year 1780
and died in the year 1850

THE E. W. D.

